K Shakespeare

THE LONDON PRODIGAL

A

COMEDY.

By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MR. Flowerdale, *a Merchant, trading at* Venice.
Matthew Flowerdale, *his Prodigal Son.*
Mr. Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*
Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of* Lewſome *in* Kent.
Sir Arthur Greenſhood, *a Commander,* } *In Love*
Oliver, *a* Corniſh *Clothier,* } *with* Luce.
Weathercock, *a Paraſite to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Tom Civet, *in Love with* Frances.
Daffidil, } *Servants to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Artichoak, }
Dick *and* Ralph, *two Cheating Gameſters.*
Ruffin, *a Pander to Miſtreſs* Apricock, *a Bawd.*

Frances, } *Daughters to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Luce, }
Delia, }

BRITISH MUSEUM

Sheriff and Officers.
A Citizen and his Wife.
Drawers.

SCENE London, *and the Parts adjacent.*

THE

London PRODIGAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Flowerdale *the Merchant, and his Brother.*

FATHER.

BROTHER, from *Venice*, being thus diſguis'd
I come to prove the humours of my ſon:
How hath he born himſelf ſince my departure,
I leaving you his patron and his guide?

Unc. I'faith, brother, ſo as you will grieve to hear,
And I almoſt aſhamed to report it.

Fath. Why how is't brother? What, doth he ſpend beyond the allowance I left him?

Unc. How! beyond that? and far more: why, your exhibition is nothing; he hath ſpent that, and ſince hath borrow'd, proteſted with oaths, alledged kindred to

wring money from me, by the love I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall upon himſelf, to furniſh his wants: That done, I have had ſince his bond, his friend and friends bond; altho' I know that he ſpends is yours, yet it grieves me to ſee the unbridled wildneſs that reigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the name of his offences? if they do not reliſh altogether of Damnation, his youth may privilege his wantonneſs: I my ſelf ran an unbridled courſe till thirty, nay, almoſt till forty; well, you ſee how I am: For vice once looked into with the eyes of diſcretion, and well ballanced with the weights of reaſon, the courſe paſt ſeems ſo abominable, that the landlord of himſelf, which is the heart of his body, will rather intomb himſelf in the earth, or ſeek a new tenant to remain in him, which once ſettled, how much better are they that in their youth have known all theſe vices, and left 'em, than thoſe that knew little, and in their age run into 'em? Believe me, brother, they that die moſt virtuous, have in their youth liv'd moſt vicious; and none knows the danger of the fire more than he that falls into it: But ſay, how is the courſe of his life? let's hear his particulars.

Unc. Why, I'll tell you, brother, he is a continual ſwearer, and a breaker of his oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to ſwear is bad, but not in keeping thoſe oaths is better; for who will ſet by a bad thing? Nay, by my faith, I hold this rather a virtue than a vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worſt.

Fath. By my faith, this is none of the worſt neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him ſhun it: for what brings a man or child more to virtue than correction? What reigns over him elſe?

Unc. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himſelf.

Fath. O beſt of all; vice ſhould be forgotten: let him drink on, ſo he drink not churches. Nay, and this

this be the worſt, I hold it rather happineſs in him, than any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath. Why you ſee ſo doth the ſea, it borrows of all the ſmall currents in the world to increaſe himſelf.

Unc. Ay, but the ſea pays it again, and ſo will never your ſon.

Fath. No more would the ſea neither, if it were as dry as my ſon.

Unc. Then, brother, I ſee you rather like theſe vices in your ſon, than any way condemn them.

Fath. Nay, miſtake me not, brother; for tho' I ſlur them over now, as things ſlight and nothing, his crimes being in the bud, it would gall my heart they ſhould ever reign in him.

Flow. Ho? who's within ho?

[Flowerdale *knocks within.*

Unc. That's your ſon, he is come to borrow more money.

Fath. For God's ſake give it out I am dead,
See how he'll take it.
Say I have brought you news from his father.
I have here drawn a formal will, as it were from my ſelf,
Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, uncle? [*Within.*

Unc. Let my couſin in there.

Fath. I am a ſailor come from *Venice*, and my name is *Chriſtopher*.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth, uncle.

Unc. In truth would a ſerv'd, couſin, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leave, uncle, the Lord is the Lord of truth. A couple of raſcals at the gate, ſet upon me for my purſe.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your mouth.

Flow. By my truth, uncle, you muſt needs lend me ten pound.

Unc. Give my couſin ſome ſmall beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a jeſt now; by this light I ſhould ride to *Croydon* fair, to meet Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*; I ſhould have his Daughter *Luce* and for ſcurvy ten pounds, a man ſhall loſe nine hundred threeſcore and odd pounds, and a daily friend beſide: by this hand, uncle, 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To ſee now; why you ſhall have my bond, uncle, *Tom. White*'s, *James Brock*'s, or *Nick Hall*'s; as good rapier and dagger men, as any be in *England*; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you; the worſt of us all will not damn ourſelves for ten pound. A pox of ten pound.

Unc. Couſin, this is not the firſt time I have believ'd you.

Flow. Why truſt me now, you know not what may fall; if one thing were but true, I would not greatly care; I ſhould not need ten pound; but when a man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, couſin?

Flow. Marry this, uncle, can you tell me if the *Katorn* hue be come home or no?

Unc. Ay marry is't

Flow. By Gad I thank you for that news. What, is't in the pool can you tell?

Unc. It is, what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have ſix pieces of velvet ſent me, I'll give you a piece, uncle: For thus ſaid the letter, a piece of aſh-colour, a three pil'd black, a colour'd deroy, a crimſon, a ſad green, and a purple: Yes i'faith.

Unc. From whom ſhould you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my father; with commendations to you, uncle, and thus he writes; I know, ſaith he, thou haſt much troubled thy kind uncle, whom, God willing, at my return, I will ſee amply ſatisfy'd; amply, I remember, was the very word; ſo God help me.

Unc.

Unc. Have you the letter here?

Flow. Yes, I have the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no, let me ſee, what breeches wore I on *Saturday*; let me ſee, a *Tueſday*, my calamanka; a *Wedneſday*, my peach-colour'd ſattin, a *Thurſday* my vellure, a *Friday* my calamanka again, a *Saturday*, let me ſee, a *Saturday*, for in thoſe breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the letter: O my riding breeches, uncle, thoſe that you thought had been velvet, in thoſe very breeches is the letter.

Unc. When ſhould it be dated?

Flow. Marry, *dideſſimo terſios Septembris*, no, no, *tridiſſimo tertio Octobris*, ay *Octobris*, ſo it is.

Unc. Dicditimo terſios Octobris: And here receive I a letter that your father died in *June:* How ſay you, *Keſter?*

Fath. Yes, truly, Sir, your father is dead; theſe hands of mine holp to wind him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. Ay, Sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sblood, how ſhould my father come dead?

Fath. I'faith, Sir, according to the old proverb,
The child was born, and cried, became man,
After fell ſick, and died.

Unc. Nay, couſin, do not take it ſo heavily.

Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you extempory; marry, ſome two or three days hence I ſhall weep without any ſtintance. But I hope he died in good memory.

Fath. Very well, Sir, and ſet down every thing in good order; and the *Katherine* and *Hue* you talk'd of, I came over in; and I ſaw all the bills of lading, and the velvet you talk'd of, there is no ſuch aboard.

Flow. By Gad, I aſſure you, then there's knavery abroad.

Fath. I'll be ſworn of that: there's knavery abroad, altho' there was never a piece of velvet in *Venice.*

Flow. I hope he died in good eſtate.

Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his will, of which I am an unworthy bearer.

Flow. His will, have you his will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the preſence of your uncle I was willing to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, couſin, now God hath bleſſed you with wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do reaſon, uncle; yet i'faith I take the denial of this ten pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay, I deny it you not.

Flow. By Gad, you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good fellow.

Fath. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why, he ſaid he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old phraſe hold: Well uncle, come we'll fall to the legacies, in the name of God, *Amen.*

Item, I bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred pounds, to pay ſuch trivial debts as I owe in *London.*

Item, To my ſon *Mat. Flowerdale*, I bequeath two bail of falſe dice, *videlicet*, high men and low men, fullames, flop cater traies, and other bones of function.

Flow. 'Sblood, what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, couſin.

Flow. Theſe precepts I leave him, let him borrow of his oath, for of his word no body will truſt him. Let him by no means marry an honeſt woman, for the other will keep herſelf. Let him ſteal as much as he can, that a guilty conſcience may bring him to his deſtinate repentance: I think he means hanging. And this were his laſt will and teſtament, the devil ſtood laughing at his bed's feet while he made it. 'Sblood, what doth he think to ſop off his poſterity with paradoxes?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own hands.

Flow. Ay, well, nay come, good uncle, let me have this ten pound: imagine you have loſt it, or robb'd of it, or miſreckon yourſelf ſo much; any way to make it come eaſily off, good uncle.

Unc. Not a penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I my ſelf have an eſtate in the city worth twenty pound, all that I'll engage for him; he ſaith it concerns him in a marriage.

Flow.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Miſtreſs, here's one would ſpeak with you: my fellow *Daffidil* hath him in the cellar already; he knows him; he met him at *Croydon* fair.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little man.

Art. Ay, a very little man.

Lanc. And yet a proper man.

Art. A very proper, very little man.

Lanc. His name is monſieur *Civet.*

Art. The ſame, Sir.

Lanc. Come, gentlemen, if other ſuitors come,
My fooliſh daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my ſaint, no man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but young* Flowerdale, Oliver, *and old* Flowerdale.

Flow. Hark you, Sir, a word.

Oli. What ha an you to ſay to me now?

Flow. Ye ſhall hear from me, and that very ſhortly.

Oli. Is that all, fare thee well, che vere thee not a vig. [*Exit.* Oliver.

Flow. What if he ſhould come now! I am fairly dreſt.

Fath. I do not mean that you ſhall meet with him,
But preſently we'll go and draw a will;
Where we'll ſet down land that we never ſaw,
And we will have it of ſo large a ſum,
Sir *Lancelot* ſhall intreat you to take his daughter:
This being formed, give it maſter *Weathercock,*
And make Sir *Lancelot*'s daughter heir of all;
And make him ſwear never to ſhew the will
To any one, until that you be dead.
This done, the fooliſh changling *Weathercock*
Will ſtrait diſcourſe unto Sir *Lancelot,*
The form and tenor of your teſtament.
Nor ſtand to pauſe of it, be rul'd by me:
What will enſue, that you ſhall quickly ſee.

Flow. Come, let's about it; if that a will, ſweet *Kit,*
Can get the wench, I ſhall renown thy wit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Daffidil *and* Luce,

Dag. Miſtreſs, ſtill forward?
No kind looks unto your *Daffidil*, now by the gods.
Luce. Away my fooliſh knave, let my hand go.
Daf. There's your hand, but this ſhall go with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true love's ſee.
Luce. I'll have your coat ſtrip'd o'er your ears for this, you ſawcy raſcal.

Enter Lancelot *and* Weathercock.

Lanc. How now, maid, what is the news with you?
Luce. Your man is ſomething ſawcy. [*Exit* Luce.
Lanc. Go to, ſirrah, I'll talk with you anon.
Daf. Sir, I am a man to be talked withal,
I am no Horſe, I trow:
I know my ſtrength, then no more than ſo.
Weath. Ay, by the matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I ſaw him the other day hold up the bucklers, like an *Hercules*. I'faith, God-a-mercy, lad, I like thee well.
Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well, go ſirrah, fetch me a cup of wine,
That e'er I part with maſter *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our farewel in *French* wine.
Weath. I thank you, Sir, I thank you friendly knight,
I'll come and viſit you, by the mouſe-foot I will;
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,
He is a deſperate *Dick*, I warrant you.
Lanc. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me ſome wine.
Ha, what wears he on his Arm?
My Daughter *Luce*'s bracelet; ay, 'tis the ſame.
Ha, to you, maſter *Weathercock*.
Weath. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honeſt fellow, and a tall, thou art. Well, I'll take my leave, good night, and I hope to have you and all your Daughters at my poor houſe, in good ſooth I muſt.
Lanc. Thanks, maſter *Weathercock*, I ſhall be bold to trouble you, be ſure.

Weath.

Weath. And welcome, heartily farewel. [*Exit* Weath.

Lanc. Sirrah, I ſaw my daughter's wrong, and withal her bracelet on your arm; off with it; and with it my Livery too. Have a care to ſee my daughter match'd with men of worſhip, and are you grown ſo bold? Go, ſirrah, from my houſe, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'l not be whip'd, Sir, there's your livery:
This is a ſerving man's reward, what care I,
I have means to truſt to, I ſcorn ſervice, I. [*Exit* Daf.

Lanc. Ay, a luſty knave, but I muſt let him go.
Our ſervants muſt be taught what they ſhould know.

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a maid, I do affect you above any ſuitor that I have, altho' that ſoldiers ſcarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a ſoldier, and a gentleman,
Know what belongs to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my ſword ſhall right:
What woman loves me, I am her faithful knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your valour nor your love,
But there be ſome that bear a ſoldier's form,
That ſwear by him they never think upon,
Go ſwaggering up and down from houſe to houſe,
Crying, God pays: And ——

Arth. Faith, Lady, I'll deſcry you ſuch a man.
Of them there may be many which you have ſpoke of,
That bear the name and ſhape of ſoldiers,
Yet, God knows, very ſeldom ſaw the war:
That haunt your taverns and your ordinaries,
Your Ale-houſes ſometimes, for all a-like,
To uphold the brutiſh humour of their minds,
Being mark'd down for the bondmen of deſpair:
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in blood,
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet theſe are great gentlemen ſoldiers.

Arth. No, they are wretched ſlaves,
Whoſe deſperate lives do bring them timeleſs graves.

Luce.

Luce. Both for your ſelf, and for your form of life,
If I may chuſe, I'll be a ſoldier's wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot *and* Oliver.

Oli. And tut truſt to it, ſo then.
Lanc. Aſſure your ſelf,
You ſhall be married with all ſpeed we may:
One day ſhall ſerve for *Frances* and for *Luce.*
Oli. Why che wood vain know the time for providing wedding raiments.
Lanc. Why no more but this, firſt get your aſſurance made touching my daughter's jointure, that diſpatch'd, we will in two days make proviſion.
Oli. Why man, chill have the writings made by to-morrow.
Lanc. To-morrow be it then, let's meet at the *King*'s-*Head* in *Fiſh-ſtreet.*
Oli. No, fy man, let's meet at the *Roſe* at *Temple-Bar*, that will be nearer your counſellor and mine.
Lanc. At the *Roſe* be it then, the hour nine,
He that comes laſt forfeits a pint of wine.
Oli. A pint is no payment,
Let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Maſter, here is a man would ſpeak with maſter *Oliver*; he comes from young maſter *Flowerdale.*
Oli. Why chill ſpeak with him, chill ſpeak with him.
Lanc. Nay, Sen *Oliver*, I'll ſurely ſee
What young *Flowerdale* hath ſent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrel.
Oli. Why man, if he quarrel with me, chill give him his hands full.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. God ſave you, good Sir *Lancelot.*
Lanc. Welcome, honeſt friend.

Fath.

Fath. To you and yours, my maſter wiſheth health,
But unto you, Sir, this, and this he ſends:
There is the length, Sir, of his rapier,
And in that paper ſhall you know his mind.

Oli. Here, chill meet him my friend, chill meet him.

Lanc. Meet him, you ſhall not meet the ruffian, fy.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call me cut. Where is't, ſirrah? where is't, where is't?

Fath. The letter ſhows both time and place,
And if you be a man, then keep your word.

Lanc. Sir, he ſhall not keep his word, he ſhall not meet.

Fath. Why let him chuſe, he'll be the better known
For a baſe raſcal, and reputed ſo.

Oli. Zirrah, zirrah; and 'twere not an old fellow, and ſent after an errant, chid give thee ſomething, but chud be no money: But hold thee, for I ſee thou art ſomewhat teſtorn, hold thee, there's vorty ſhillings, bring thy maſter a veeld, chill give thee vorty more, look thou bring him, chill mall him tell him, chill mar his dancing treſſels, chill uſe him he was ne'er ſo uſed ſince his dam bound his head, chill make him for capering any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You ſeem a man, ſtout and reſolute,
And I will ſo report, whate'er befal.

Lanc. And fall out ill, aſſure thy maſter this,
I'll make him fly the land, or uſe him worſe.

Fath. My Maſter, Sir, deſerves not this of you,
And that you'll ſhortly find.

Lanc. Thy maſter is an unthrift, you a knave,
And I'll attack you firſt, next clap him up:
Or have him bound unto his good behaviour.

Oli. I wood you were a ſprite if you do him any harm for this: and you do, chill nere ſee you, nor any of yours, while chill have eyes open: what do you think, chill be abaſſelled up and down the town for a meſſel, add a ſcoundrel, no chy bor you: Zirrah, chil come, zay no more, chill come, tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my maſter deſerves not this of you,
And that you'll ſhortly find. [*Exit.*

Oli. No matter, he's an unthrift, I defy him.

Lanc.

Lanc. Now, gentle ſon, let me know the place.

Oli. No chye vor you.

Lanc. Let me ſee the note.

Oli. Nay, chill watch you for zuch a trick. But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo: chill make him know me, or chill know why I ſhall not, chill vare the worſe.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my daughter's love? Venture your ſtate and hers for a looſe brawl?

Oli. Why man, chill not kill him, marry chill veze him too and again; and zo God be with you, vather. What, man, we ſhall meet to-morrow. [*Exit.*

Lanc. Who would have thought he had been ſo deſperate? Come forth, my honeſt ſervant *Artichoak.*

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Now, what's the matter? ſome brawl toward, I warrant you.

Lanc. Go get me thy ſword bright ſcower'd, thy buckler mended. O for that knave, that villain *Daffidil* would have done good ſervice. But to thee.

Arti. Ay, this is the tricks of all you gentlemen, when you ſtand in need of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidil*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging of a ſtraw, then out-a-doors with the knave, turn the coat over his ears. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that knave, that luſty *Daffidil.*

Arti. Why there 'tis now: Our years wages and our vails will ſcarce pay for broken ſwords and bucklers that we uſe in our quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffidil* be a t'other ſide, that's flat.

Lanc. 'Tis no ſuch matter, man: get weapons ready, and be at *London* ere the break of day; watch near the lodging of the *Devonſhire* youth, but be unſeen; and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him, And he goes in the ſtreet?

Lanc. Not for a world, man, into the fields. For to the field he goes, there to meet the deſperate *Flowerdale:* Take

Take thou the part of *Oliver* my ſon, for he ſhall be my ſon, and marry *Luce:* Doſt underſtand me, knave?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do underſtand you, but my young miſtreſs might be better provided in matching with my fellow *Daffidil.*

Lanc. No more; *Daffidil* is a knave:
That *Daffidil* is a moſt notorious knave. [*Exit* Arti.

Enter Weathercock.

Maſter *Weathercock*, you come in a happy time; the deſperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a challenge; and who, think you, muſt anſwer it, but the *Devonſhire* man, my ſon *Oliver?*

Weath. Marry, I am ſorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*; But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll ſtay the fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry, I'll tell you, by promiſing young *Flowerdale* the red-lip'd *Luce.*

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her grave.

Weath. Ay, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought ſo too, but you and I have been deceiv'd in him; come read this will or deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your ſpectacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I ſee very well.

Weath. Marry, God bleſs your eyes, mine have been dim almoſt this thirty years.

Lanc. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Weath. Nay there is true love indeed, he gave it to me but this very morn, and bad me keep it unſeen from any one: good youth, to ſee how men may be deceiv'd.

Lanc. Paſſion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this loving youth? he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves ſo dear, executors of all his wealth.

Weath. All, all, good man, he hath given you all.

Lanc. Three ſhips now in the *Straits*, and homeward-bound;
Two lordſhips of two hundred pound a-year;
The one in *Wales*, the other *Glouceſter-ſhire:*
Debts and Accounts are thirty thouſand pound;

Plate,

Plate, money, jewels, fixteen thouſand more:
Two houſen furniſh'd well in *Coleman-ſtreet*;
Beſide whatſoever his uncle leaves to him,
Being of great demeans and wealth at *Peckham*.

Weath. How like you this, good knight? how like you this?

Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends,
The *Devonſhire* man ſhall whiſtle for a wife.
He marry *Luce*! *Luce* ſhall be *Flowerdale*'s.

Weath. Why that is friendly ſaid, let's ride to *London* and prevent their match, by promiſing your daughter to the lovely lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it ſhall not need,
We'll croſs to *Dedford-ſtrand*, and take a boat.
Where be theſe knaves? What *Artichoak?* What *Fop?*

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Here be the very knaves, but not the merry knaves.

Lanc. Here take my cloke, I'll have a walk to *Dedford*.

Art. Sir, we have been ſcouring of our ſwords and bucklers for your defence.

Lanc. Defence me no defence, let your ſwords ruſt, I'll have no fighting: Ay, let blows alone, bid *Delia* ſee all things be in readineſs againſt the wedding, we'll have two at once, and that will ſave charges, maſter *Weathercock*.

Art. Well, we will do it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Civet, Frank, *and* Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this. In good ſooth I have even my heart's deſire: Siſter *Delia*, now I may boldly call you ſo, for your father hath frank and freely given me his daughter, *Franck*.

Franck. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, thou haſt my good will too, for I thank God, I long'd for a huſband, and would I might never ſtir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Del. Why, ſiſter, now you have your wiſh.

Civ.

Civ. You ſay very true, Siſter *Delia*, and I prithee call me nothing but *Tom*; and I'll call thee Sweet-heart, and

Frank. Will it not do well, Siſter *Delia?*

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But *Tom*, muſt I go as I do now when I am married?

Civ. No, *Frank*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen, in a garded Gown, and a *French* Hood.

Frank. by my troth, that will be excellent indeed.

Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Eſtate,
Apparel you your ſelf like to your Father:
And let her go like to your antient Mother.
He ſparing got his Wealth, left it to you;
Brother take heed of Pride, ſome bid Thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jeſt indeed; why ſhe went in a fring'd Gown, a ſingle Ruff, and a white Cap; and my Father in a *Mocado* Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas Back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My Eſtate, my Eſtate, I thank God, is forty Pound a-year in good Leaſes and Tenements; beſides twenty Mark a-year at Cuckolds-Haven, and that comes to us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, it is very fitly plied.
I know not how it comes, but ſo it falls out,
That thoſe whoſe Fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no Pleaſure but to gather Wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind
For them, they hope will be of their like mind:
But falls out contrary, forty years ſparing
Is ſcarce three ſeven Years ſpending, never caring
What will enſue, when all their Coin is gone,
And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon;
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kiſt,
And then Repentance cries, for had I wiſt.

Civ. You ſay well, Siſter *Delia*, you ſay well; but I mean to live within my Bounds; for look you, I have ſet down my reſt thus far, but to maintain my Wife in her *French* Hood, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a-Year?

Civ. Ay, and a better Penny, Siſter.

Frank. Siſter, you forget that at Cuckold-Haven.

Civ. By my troth, well remembred, *Frank*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the reſt for Points: alas the Day
Fools ſhall have Wealth, tho all the World ſay nay.
Come, Brother, will you in? Dinner ſtays for us.

Civ. Ay, good Siſter, with all my Heart.

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, for I have a good Stomach.

Civ. And I the like, ſweet *Frank*; no Siſter,
Do not think I'll go beyond my Bounds.

Del. God grant you may not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter young Flowerdale, *and his Father with Foils in their Hands.*

Flow. Sirrah, *Kit*, tarry you there, I have ſpied Sir *Lancelot* and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are hard at hand, I will by no means be ſpoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot *and* Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honeſt Friend, doſt thou belong to Maſter *Flowerdale?*

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within, my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within.

Lanc. I prithee, if he be within, let me ſpeak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Maſter is within, but indeed would not be ſpoke withal; there be ſome terms that ſtand upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference till he hath ſhook them off.

Lanc. I prithee tell him his very good Friend Sir *Lancelot Spurcock* intreats to ſpeak with him.

Fath. By my troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter

matter between my Maſter and the *Devonſhire* Man, you do but beguile your hopes, and loſe your labour.

Lanc. Honeſt Friend, I have not any ſuch thing to (him, I come to ſpeak with him about other Matters.

Fath. For my Maſter, Sir, hath ſet down his Reſolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Maſter, or any other Perſon; my Buſineſs is of a different Nature to him, and I prithee ſo tell him.

Fath. For howſoever the *Devonſhire* Man is,
My Maſter's Mind is bloody; that's a round O.
And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain.

Lanc. I have no ſuch thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Fath. I will then ſo ſignify to him. [*Exit Father.*

Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I ſee this matter is hotly carried.
But I'll labour to diſſuade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale *and his Father.*

Good morrow, Maſter *Flowerdale.*

Flow. Good-morrow, good Sir *Lancelot.*
Good-morrow, Maſter *Weathercock*;
By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over *Nick Machiavel*; I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed;
A peſtilent human Fellow: I have made
Certain Annotations of him, ſuch as they be.
And how is't, Sir *Lancelot?* ha, how, is't;
A mad World, Men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Maſter *Flowerdale*, I do underſtand there is ſome Jar between the *Devonſhire* Man and you.

Fath. They Sir? they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who? Maſter *Oliver* and I? as good Friends as can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of ſafety in you to deny it, and a generous ſilence, which too few are indued withall: But, Sir, ſuch a thing I hear, and I could wiſh it otherwiſe.

Flow. No ſuch thing, Sir *Lancelot*, at my reputation, as I am an honeſt Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do
Engage your Reputation, there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not engage my Reputation there is not.
You ſhall not bind me to any condition of hardneſs:
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all is one.

Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is ſomething between you, and I am very ſorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir *Lancelot*; the *Italian* hath a pretty ſaying *Queſto?* I have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my Head, but in my Tranſlation (him.
I't hold thus, thou haſt a Friend, keep him; if a Foe, trip

Lanc. Come, I do ſee by this there is ſomewhat between you,
And before God I could wiſh it otherwiſe.

Flow. Well, what is between us can hardly be alter'd:
Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I muſt ride, no man muſt deny
Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man
Be denied common and general Paſſage. If any one
Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou paſſeſt not this way;
My anſwer is, I muſt either on or return:
But return is not my word, I muſt on:
If I cannot then make my way, Nature
Hath done the laſt for me, and there's the Fine.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every man hath one Tongue,
And two Ears; Nature in her Building,
Is a moſt curious Work-maſter. [more

Flow. That is as much as to ſay, a Man ſhould hear
Than he ſhould ſpeak.

Lanc. You ſay true, and indeed I have heard more,
Than at this time I will ſpeak.

Flow. You ſay well.

Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Maſter *Flowerdale*, but Proof is the Rule for both.

Flow. You ſay true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third Canton?

Lanc. I have heard you have been wild; I have believ'd (it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas neceſſary.

Lanc.

Lanc. But I have ſeen ſomewhat of late in you,
That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of
Goodneſs toward you.

Flow. I'faith, Sir, I am ſure I never did you harm:
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am ſure you know not, neither is it my will you ſhould.

Lanc. Ay, your will, Sir.

Flow. Ay, my Will, Sir; s'foot do you know ought of (my Will?
Begod, and you do, Sir, I am abus'd.

Lanc. Go, Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know;
And know you thus much out of my Knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my Daughter,
She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better
Than a Brawl, all quirks of Reputation ſet aſide, go with me preſently: And where you ſhould fight a bloody Battle, you ſhall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot?*

Lanc. If you will not embrace my Offer, yet aſſure your ſelf thus much, I will have order to hinder your Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot?*

Lanc. Nay, ſtand not you upon imputative Honour,
'Tis merely unſound, unprofitable, and idle
Inferences; your Buſineſs is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your preſent word to do it; I'll go and provide the Maid, therefore give me your preſent reſolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you ſo put me to it? (never.

Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me
Elſe what I thought ſhould be our match, ſhall be our (parting,
So fare you well for ever.

Flow. Stay; fall out, what may fall, my Love
Is above all: I will come.

Lanc. I expect you, and ſo fare you well.

[*Exit Sir* Lancelot.

Fath. Now, Sir, how ſhall we do for wedding Apparel?

Flow. By the Maſs that's true; now help *Kit*,
The Marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride.
We will not want for Clothes, whatſoe'er betide.

Flow. And thou ſhalt ſee, when once I have my Dower,
In Mirth we'll ſpend full many a merry Hour:
As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin.
It is her Gold muſt bring my pleaſures in. [*Exit.*

Fath. Is't poſſible, he hath his ſecond living,
Forſaking God, himſelf to the Devil giving;
But that I knew his Mother firm and chaſte,
My Heart would ſay, my Head ſhe had diſgrac'd:
Elſe would I ſwear, he never was my Son,
But her fair Mind ſo foul a Deed did ſhun.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Uncle.*

Unc. How now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedleſs as a Libertine,
Ev'n grown a Maſter in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent Deceit;
For all the Day he humours up and down,
How he the next Day may deceive his Friend:
He thinks of nothing but the preſent time:
For one Groat ready down, he'll pay a Shilling;
But then the Lender muſt needs ſtay for it.
When I was young, I had the Scope of youth,
Both wild and wanton, careleſs and deſperate:
But ſuch mad Strains as he's poſſeſt withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you ſo, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well, I have found it, but one thing comforts me;
Brother, to morrow he's to be married
To beauteous *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*'s Daughter.

Unc. Is't poſſible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him;
This Day, Brother, I will you ſhall arreſt him;
If any thing will tame him, it muſt be that,
For he is rank in Miſchief, chain'd to a Life
That will increaſe his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arreſt him on his Wedding-day?
That were unchriſtian, and an unhuman part:
How many Couple ev'n for that very Day,
Have purchas'd ſeven Years Sorrow afterward?

Forbear

Forbear it then to Day, do it to Morrow,
And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.
Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day,
And in the View of all, as he comes from Church.
Do but obſerve the Courſe that he will take,
Upon my life he will forſwear the Debt:
And, for we'll have the Sum ſhall not be ſlight,
Say that he owes you near three thouſand Pound:
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.
Unc. Well, ſeeing you will have it ſo,
Brother I'll do't, and ſtraight provide the Sheriff.
Fath. So Brother, by this means ſhall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this Pinch will do:
And how his Wife doth ſtand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermoſt:
And all the reſt of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Cham aſhured thick be the Place, that the Scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: if a come not, zo,
And che war aviſe, he would make a Coyſtrel an us,
Ched veſe him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyſt him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who a been there, Sir *Arthur?* chill ſtay aſide.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Arth. I have dog'd the *Devonſhire* Man into the Field,
For fear of any harm that ſhould befal him:
I had an inkling of that yeſternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he ſhould meet this Morning.
Tho of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet, for I'd ſee fair play on either ſide,
Made me to come, to ſee their Valours try'd——
Good Morrow to Maſter *Oliver.*
Oli. God and good Morrow.
Arth. What, Maſter *Oliver,* are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an grieven you?

Arth. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine,
By your being here thus arm'd,
You ſtay for ſome that you ſhou'd fight withal.

Oli. Why an he do, che wou'd not deſire you to take his part.

Arth. No, by my troth, I think you need it not
For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and che war aſhure of that, ched aveſe him in another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Maſter *Oliver*, ay me!
Your Love, and yours, and mine, ſweet Miſtreſs *Luce*,
This Morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Arth. Married to *Flowerdale!* 'tis impoſſible.

Oli. Married, Man? che hope thou doſt but jeſt:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.*

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Maſter *Oliver*.

Oli. God and good morn, Mr. *Flowerdale:* I pray tellen us, is your ſcoundrel Kinſman married?

Arth. Mr. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married to Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter here.

Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. Ay, ha, the old Vellow zerved me thick a trick?
Why Man, he was a promiſe, chill chud a had her:
Is a zitch a vox, chill look to his Water che vor him.

Unc. The Muſick plays; they are coming from the Church.
Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, ſtand ſtoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and ſome Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the
Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Juſtice, and
ſworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, Sir, a very Juſtice, and ſworn
to keep the Peace, you muſt not diſturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor ſtorm, Sir, if you do,
I'll have an Order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chill be quiet.

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you, who
here is? Mr. *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome, with all my Heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is ſhe i'faith: Maſter Under-Sheriff
Arreſt me? At whoſe Suit? Draw, *Kit*.

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the matter, Mr. *Flowerdale?*

Unc. This is the matter, Sir, this Unthrift here
Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me
In ſeveral Sums three thouſand Pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Couſin, Couſin, you have uncled me,
And if you be not ſtaid, you'll prove
A Cozener unto all that know you.

Lanc. Why, Sir, ſuppoſe he be to you in debt
Ten thouſand Pound, his State to me appears
To be at leaſt three thouſand by the Year.

Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot,
How that he went about to cozen you;
And form'd a Will, and ſent it to your good
Friend there, Maſter *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lies.

Lanc. Ha, hath he not ſuch Lordſhips,
Lands, and Ships?

Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Half-penny he.

Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale*.

Flow. My Uncle here's mad,
And diſpos'd to do me wrong.
But here's my Man, an honeſt Fellow
By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lye; I rather know
You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,
You ſtudied where to quote your Lands might lie.
Weath. And I prithee where be thy honeſt Friends?
Fath. I'faith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.
Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er-reach'd, I believe.
Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'ſt Child undone.
Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is ſhe undone,
They ſlander me, by this Light, they ſlander me:
Look you, my Uncle here's an Uſurer, and would undo me,
But I'll ſtand in Law, do you but bail me, you ſhall do no more:
You Brother *Civet*, and Maſter *Weathercock*, do but
Bail me, and let me have my Marriage Money
Paid me, and we'll ride down,
And there your own Eyes ſhall ſee
How my poor Tenants there will welcome me.
You ſhall but bail me, you ſhall do no more,
And you, greedy Gnat, their Bail will ſerve.
Unc. Ay, Sir, I'll aſk no better Bail.
Lanc. No, Sir, you ſhall not take my Bail, nor his,
Nor my Son *Civet*'s, I'll not be cheated, I.
Sheriff, take your Priſoner, I'll not deal with him:
Let's Uncle make falſe Dice with his falſe Bones,
I will not have to do with him: mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd!
Come, Girl, tho' it be late, it falls out well,
Thou ſhalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.
Luce. He is my Huſband, and high Heav'n doth know,
With what unwillingneſs I went to Church,
But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it:
The holy Church-man pronounc'd theſe words but now,
I muſt not leave my Huſband in diſtreſs:
Now I muſt comfort him, not go with you.
Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my curſe forſake him.
Luce. This Day you caus'd me on your curſe to take him:
Do not, I pray, my grieved Soul oppreſs;
God knows my Heart doth bleed at his diſtreſs.
Lanc. O Maſter *Weathercock*,
I muſt confeſs I forc'd her to this match,

Led

Led with Opinion his falſe Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy Virgins ſtate.

Del. Father, be patient, Sorrow comes too late.

Lanc. And on her Knees ſhe begg'd and did intreat,
If ſhe muſt needs taſte a ſad Marriage Life,
She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greenſhood*'s Wife.

Arth. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Arth. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Maſter *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half my Wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chill break no Laws.

Luce. Never fear, ſhe will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, Siſter, in this Paſſion do not run headlong to Confuſion. You may affect him, tho' not follow him.

Frank. Do, Siſter, hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do faith, Miſtreſs *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three groſs Fools, let me alone,
I ſwear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But an he have his Legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Arth. Ay, but he is now in Huckſters handling for running away.

Lanc. Huſwife, you hear how you and I are wrong'd,
And if you will redreſs it yet, you may:
But if you ſtand on Terms to follow him,
Never come near my ſight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Groat.
For all thy Portion I will this day give
Unto thy Siſter *Frances*.

Fran. How ſay you to that, *Tom?*
I ſhall have a good deal.
Beſides, I'll be a good Wife; and a good Wife
Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Frank*, I would be ſorry to ſee thy Siſter caſt away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet reſolv'd?

Luce. Yes, I am reſolv'd.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.
Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feaſt,
And I to weep, that am with Grief oppreſt.
Lanc. For ever fly my ſight: Come, Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.
Delia upon my Bleſſing talk not to her
Baſe Baggage, in ſuch haſte to Beggary?
Unc. Sheriff, take your Priſoner to your charge.
Flow. Uncle, be-gad you have us'd me very hardly,
By my troth, upon my Wedding day.
[*Exeunt all but* Luce, *young* Flowerdale, *his Father, Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.*
Luce. O Maſter *Flowerdale*, but hear me ſpeak,
Stay but a little while, good Maſter Sheriff,
If not for him, for my ſake pity him:
Good Sir, ſtop not your Ears at my Complaint,
My Voice grows weak, for Women's words are faint.
Flow. Look you, ſhe kneels to you.
Unc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart,
And grieve, ſweet Soul, thy Fortune is ſo bad,
That thou ſhould'ſt match with ſuch a graceleſs Youth.
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.
Luce. Impute his wildneſs, Sir, unto his Youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To impriſon him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the King doth loſe his due;
O pity him as God ſhall pity you.
Unc. Lady, I know his Humours all too well,
And nothing in the World can do him good,
But Miſery it ſelf to chain him with.
Luce. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free?
Unc. Ay, Virgin, that being anſwer'd, I have done.
But to him that is all as impoſſible,

As

As I to ſcale the high Pyramids.
Sheriff, take your Priſoner; Maiden, fare thee well.
Luce. O go not yet, good Maſter *Flowerdale:*
Take my word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond.
Flow. Ay, by Gad, Uncle, and my Bond too.
Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work, alas, he can do nothing:
I have ſome Friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiefeſt Friends do ſeek his Miſery:
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you: O do not turn away:
Methinks within a Face ſo reverend,
So well experienc'd in this tottering World,
Should have ſome feeling of a Maiden's Grief:
For my ſake, his Father's and your Brother's ſake,
Ay, for your Soul's ſake that doth hope for Joy,
Pity my ſtate, do not two Souls deſtroy.
Unc. Fair Maid, ſtand up; not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapleſs Choice,
I do releaſe him: Maſter Sheriff, I thank you:
And Officers, there is for you to drink.
Here, Maid take this Money, there is a hundred Angels,
And, for I will be ſure he ſhall not have it,
Here, *Keſter*, take it you, and uſe it ſparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your Eyes, Neece, do not too much lament
For him, whoſe Life hath been in Riot ſpent:
If well he uſeth thee, he gets him Friends,
If ill, a ſhameful End on him depends. [*Exit Uncle.*
Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator.
Come, *Kit*, the Money; come, honeſt *Kit*.
Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you ſhall pardon me.
Flow. And why Sir, pardon you? give me the Money, you old Raſcal, or I will make you.
Luce. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honeſt Friend.
Fath. If you be ſo content, with all my Heart.
Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood ſhe ſhall be content Whether ſhe will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me?

Go

Go, get you gone to the greaſy Chuff your Father,
Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, ſhe hath forſook her Father, and all her Friends, for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father all together.

Fath. Yet part with ſomething to provide her Lodging.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a Poſt. I'll rather throw them at a Caſt of Dice, as I have done a thouſand of their Fellows.

Fath. Nay, then I will be plain, degenerate Boy,
Thou hadſt a Father would have been aſham'd.

Flow. My Father was an Aſs, an old Aſs.

Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious Villain!
What, are you at your foils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuſe thy Father:
Go hang, beg, ſtarve, Dice, Game, that when all's gone,
Thou may'ſt after deſpair and hang thy ſelf.

Luce. O do not curſe him.

Fath. I do not curſe him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Raſcal, I ſhall meet with you.
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not ſtrip the Livery
Over your Ears, becauſe you paid for it:
But do not uſe my Name, Sirrah,
Do you hear? Look you do not
Uſe my Name, you were beſt.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you,
Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny,
And for Security I'll give thee none.
Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do, Beggar, I ſhall ſlit your Noſe.

Luce. Alas, what ſhall I do?

Flow.

Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade,
And ſo perhaps I'll ſee thee now and then.
[*Exit* Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas-the-day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Miſtreſs, do not weep, I'll ſtick to you.

Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do,
My Father and my Friends, they have deſpis'd me:
And I a wretched Maid, thus caſt away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to ſay.

Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to ſee her Tears
Thus ſtain the Crimſon Roſes of her Cheeks:
Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
I have a little Living in this Town,
The which I think comes to a hundred Pound,
All that and more ſhall be at your diſpoſe;
I'll ſtrait go help you to ſome ſtrange diſguiſe,
And place you in a Service in this Town,
Where you ſhall know all, yet your ſelf unknown:
Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worſe than bad.

Luce. I thank you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lancelot, *Maſter* Weathercock, *and the reſt.*

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a ſluttiſh Trick,
But ſuch a lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er a ſarved.

Lanc. Son *Civet*, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You ſee how I am preſs'd down with inward Grief,
About that luckleſs Girl, your Siſter *Luce*.
But 'tis fall'n out with me, as with many Families beſide,
They are moſt unhappy, that are moſt belov'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis ſo, 'tis ev'n fall'n out ſo,
But what remedy? ſet Hand to your Heart, and let it paſs,
Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not ſay,
We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever ſhe was; tho' ſhe had the prick
And praiſe for a pretty Wench: But Father, done is
The Mouſe, you'll come?

Lanc. Ay, Son *Civet*, I'll come.

Civ. And you, Maſter *Oliver?*

Oli.

Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this veaſt, chill ſee if a gan
Make a better veaſt there.

Civ. And you, Sir *Arthur?*

Arth. Ay, Sir, altho' my Heart be full,
I'll be a Partner at your Wedding-Feaſt.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome; come *Frank.* are you ready?

Frank. Jeſhue, how haſty theſe Huſbands are? I pray, Father, pray to God to bleſs me.

Lanc. God bleſs thee, and I do; God make thee wiſe, Send you both Joy, I wiſh it with wet Eyes.

Frank. But, Father, ſhall not my Siſter *Delia* go along with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and ſuch things.

Lanc. Yes marry ſhall ſhe: *Delia,* make you ready.

Del. I am ready, Sir, I will firſt go to *Greenwich,*
From thence to my Couſin *Cheſterfield,* and ſo to *London.*

Civ. It ſhall ſuffice, good Siſter *Delia,* it ſhall ſuffice, but fail us not, good Siſter, give order to Cooks and others, for I would not have my ſweet *Frank* to ſoil her Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a married Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks, and Kitchin-boys, not I i'faith, I ſcorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou ſhalt, ſweet Heart, thou ſeeſt I do not go about it; well, farewell too: You Gods pity Mr. *Weathercock,* we ſhall have your Company too?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Frank.*

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you, Sir *Arthur,* Maſter *Oliver,* and Maſter *Weathercock,* Siſter, God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be with you every one.

Weath. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur,* all a mort, Maſter *Oliver,* how now, Man?
Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot,* and merrily ſay,
Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, ſhe is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when theſe be ſelf-will'd, Children muſt ſmart.

Arth.

Arth. But, Sir, that ſhe is wronged, you are the chiefeſt
Cauſe, therefore 'tis Reaſon you redreſs her Wrong.
Weath. Indeed you muſt, Sir *Lancelot*, you muſt.
Lanc. Muſt! who can compel me, Mr. *Weathercock?*
I hope I may do what I liſt.
Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you liſt.
Oli. Nay, but and you be well eviſen, it were not good,
By this Vrampolneſs, and Vrowardneſs, to caſt away
As pretty a dowſſabel, as am chould chance to ſee
In a Summer's Day; chill tell you what chall do,
Chill go ſpy up and down the Town, and ſee if I
Can hear any Tale or Tidings of her,
And take her away from thick a Meſſel, vor cham
Aſhured, heel but bring her to the Spoil,
And ſo var you well, we ſhall meet at your Son *Civet's*.
Lanc. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.
Arth. To find her out, I'll ſpend my deareſt Blood,
So well I lov'd her, to affect her Good. [*Exeunt* Ambo.
Lanc. O Maſter *Weathercock*,
What hap had I, to force my Daughter
From Maſter *Oliver*, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no Goodneſs in his Thought?
Weath. Ill Luck, but what Remedy?
Lanc. Yes, I have almoſt deviſed a Remedy.
Young *Flowerdale* is ſure a Priſoner.
Weath. Sure! nothing more ſure.
Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.
Weath. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lanc. Well, if he be in Priſon, I'll have Warrants
To tache my Daughter, till the Law be tried;
For I will ſue him upon Couzenage.
Weath. Marry, may you, and overthrow him too.
Lanc. Nay, that's not ſo; I may chance be ſcoft,
And Sentence paſt with him.
Weath. Believe me, ſo he may, therefore take heed.
Lanc. Well howſoever, yet I will have Warrants,
In Priſon, or at Liberty, all's one:
You will help to ſerve them, Maſter *Weathercock?*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A Plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice;
The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together.
Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:
A pox of come a five, what ſhall I do?
I can borrow no more of my Credit:
There's not any of my Acquaintance, Man nor Boy;
But I have borrowed more or leſs of:
I would I knew where to take a good Purſe,
And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it.
God's lid, my Siſter *Delia*,
I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia *and* Artichoak.

Del. I prithee, *Artichoak*, go not ſo faſt,
The Weather is hot, and I'm ſomething weary.
Art. Nay, I warrant you, Miſtreſs *Delia*, I'll not tire you
With leading, we'll go an extreme moderate Pace.
Flow. Stand, deliver your Purſe.
Art. O Lord! Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit* Artichoak.
Flow. Come, come, your Purſe, Lady, your Purſe.
Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time:
What! Brother *Flowerdale* become a Thief!
Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your Father;
But Siſter, come, your Money, come:
What the World muſt find me, I am born to live,
'Tis not a Sin to ſteal, when none will give.
Del. O God! is all Grace baniſh'd from thy Heart?
Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.
Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purſe;
I'll bind you, Siſter, leſt I fare the worſe.
Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that Money would redeem thy Shame.

Enter

Enter Oliver, *Sir* Arthur, *and* Artichoak.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Oli. Thieves! where Man? why, how now, Mrs *Delia?* Ha! you a liked to been a robbed.

Del. No, Maſter *Oliver*, 'tis Maſter *Flowerdale*, he did but jeſt with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you meten us well, vang thee that.

Flow. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, becauſe I have a Charge.

Del. Here, Brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this ſame Money.

Flow. I thank you, Siſter.

Oli. I wad you were yſplit, and you let the Mezel have a Penny; but ſince you cannot keep it, chill keep it myſelf.

Arth. 'Tis Pity to relieve him in this Sort,
Who makes a triumphant Life his daily Sport.

Del. Brother, you ſee how all Men cenſure you;
Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chill bring you along, and you ſafe enough
From twenty ſuch Scoundrels as thick as one is.
Farewel, and be hanged, Zyrrah, as I think ſo thou
Wilt be ſhortly: come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt all but* Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague go with you for a Karſie Raſcal;
This *Devonſhire* Man, I think, is made all of Pork,
His Hands made only for to heave up Packs:
His Heart as fat and big as his Face,
As differing far from all brave gallant Minds,
As I to ſerve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds,
As I am very near now; well, what Remedy,
When Money, Means, and Friends, do grow ſo ſmall,
Then farewel Life, and there's an End of all.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter young Flowerdale's *Father*, Luce *like a* Dutch *Frow*, Civet *and his Wife* Frances.

Civ. By my Troth, God a Mercy for this, good *Chriſtopher*, I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well; how doſt thou like her, *Frances?*

Fran. In good Sadneſs, *Tom*, very well, excellent well, She ſpeaks ſo prettily. I pray what's your Name?

Luce. My Name, forſooth, be called *Tanikin.*

Fran. By my Troth a fine Name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dreſſing one's Head a new Faſhion.

Luce. Me ſall do every ting about da Head.

Civ. What Country-woman is ſhe, *Keſter?*

Fath. A *Dutch* Woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then ſhe is Outlandiſh, is ſhe not?

Fath. Ay, Sir, ſhe is.

Fran. O then thou canſt tell how to help me to Cheeks and Ears?

Luce. Yes, Miſtreſs, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears! why, Miſtreſs *Frances*, want you Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou art a Fool indeed; *Tom*, thou knoweſt what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, *Keſter*, 'tis ſuch as they wear a their Heads.
I prithee, *Kit*, have her in, and ſhew her my Houſe.

Fath. I will, Sir; come *Tanikin.*

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not buſſed me to-day, *Tom.*

Civ. No, *Frances*, we muſt not kiſs afore Folks.
God ſave my *Frank.*

Enter Delia *and* Artichoak.

See yonder, my Siſter *Delia* is come, welcome, good Siſter.

Fran. Welcome, good Siſter, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del.

Del. Very well, Siſter.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Siſter *Delia*, to give Order for Supper, they will be here ſoon.

Art. Ay, but if good Luck had not ſerv'd, ſhe had
Not been here now; filching *Flowerdale* had like
To pepper'd us, but for Maſter *Oliver* we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, Sirrah, no more.

Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry, by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turn'd Thief.

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well; but God be prais'd for your Eſcape: Will you draw near, Siſter?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither; would *Flowerdale*, he that was my Maſter, a robbed you, I prithee tell me true?

Art. Yes, i'faith, even that *Flowerdale* that was thy Maſter.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a *French* Crown, and ſpeak no more of this.

Art. Not I, not a Word, now do I ſmell Knavery:
In every Purſe *Flowerdale* takes, he is half:
And gives me this to keep Counſel, not a Word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Siſter, look here, I have a new *Dutch* Maid,
And ſhe ſpeaks ſo fine, it would do your Heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, Siſter?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Siſter, will you draw near, and give Directions for Supper, Gueſts will be here preſently.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the Way, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt all but* Delia *and* Luce.

Hark you, *Dutch* Frow, a Word.

Luce. Vat is your Vill wit me?

Del. Siſter *Luce*, 'tis not your broken Language,
Nor this ſame Habit can diſguiſe your Face
From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Siſter, I ſee you know me, yet be ſecret;
This borrow'd Shape that I have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep myſelf a Space unknown,
Both from my Father, and my neareſt Friends;

Until

Until I ſee how Time will bring to paſs,
The deſperate Courſe of Maſter *Flowerdale.*

Del. O! he is worſe than bad. I prithee leave him,
And ſet not once thy Heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not perſuade me once to ſuch a Thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worſe than nought;
Yet one good Time may all that Ill undo,
That all his former Life did run into.
Therefore, kind Siſter, do not diſcloſe my Eſtate,
If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.

Del. Well, ſeeing no Counſel can remove your Mind,
I'll not diſcloſe you, that are wilful blind.

Luce. Delia, I thank you. I now muſt pleaſe her Eyes,
My Siſter *Frances,* neither fair nor wiſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flowerdale *ſolus.*

Flow. On goes he that knows no End of his Journey;
I have paſs'd the very utmoſt Bounds of Shifting.
I have no Courſe now but to hang myſelf;
I have liv'd ſince Yeſterday Two a-Clock, of a
Spice-Cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
I got it at an Ale-houſe among Porters, ſuch as
Will bear out a Man, if he have no Money indeed;
I mean, out of their Companies, for they are Men
Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
The two Coney-catchers that won all my Money of me.
I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick *and* Ralph.

What! Mr. *Richard,* how do you do?
How doſt thou, *Ralph?* By Gad, Gentlemen, the World
Grows bare with me: Will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won an hundred of me the other Day.

Ralph. How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we loſt not every Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prithee lend me ſo much as will pay for my (Supper;
I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.

Ralph.

Ralph. I'faith we have not a Farthing, not a Mite;
I wonder at it, Mr. *Flowerdale*,
You will ſo careleſly undo yourſelf;
Why you will loſe more Money in an Hour,
Than any honeſt Man ſpends in a Year;
For Shame, betake you to ſome honeſt Trade,
And live not thus ſo like a Vagabond. [*Exeunt.*

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you:
They gave me Counſel that firſt cozen'd me;
Thoſe Devils firſt brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the firſt that do me Wrong.
Well, yet I have one Friend left in ſtore.
Not far from hence there dwells a Cokatrice,
One that I firſt put in a Sattin Gown,
And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head,
But ſtands me, at the leaſt, in twenty Pound:
Her will I viſit, now my Coin is gone;
And, as I take it, here dwells the Gentlewoman.
What ho, is Miſtriſs *Apricock* within?

Enter Ruffian.

Ruf. What ſawcy Raſcal is that which knocks ſo bold?
O! is it you, old Spend-thrift? are you here?
One that is turned Cozener about the Town:
My Miſtreſs ſaw you, and ſends this Word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the Door,
Or you ſhall have ſuch a Greeting ſent you ſtraight,
As you will little like on, you had beſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Flow. Why ſo? this is as it ſhould be, being poor,
Thus art thou ſerv'd by a vile painted Whore.
Well, ſince thy damned Crew do ſo abuſe thee,
I'll try of honeſt Men how they will uſe me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beſeech you to take Compaſſion of a Man:
One whoſe Fortunes have been better than at this Inſtant
they ſeem to be: But if I might crave of you ſome little
Portion,

Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would reſt thankful, until I had requited ſo great a Courteſy.

Cit. Fie, fie, young Man, this Courſe is very bad,
Too many ſuch have we about this City;
Yet, for I have not ſeen you in this Sort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend,
Such bad Beginnings oft have worſer Ends. [*Exit* Cit.

Flow. Worſer Ends: Nay, if it fall out
No worſe than in old Angels, I care not;
Nay, now I have had ſuch a fortunate Beginning,
I'll not let a Sixpenny Purſe eſcape me.
By the Maſs here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's Wife, with a Torch before her.

God bleſs you, fair Miſtreſs.
Now, would it pleaſe you, Gentlewoman, to look into the Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I doubt not but God will treble reſtore it back again, one that never before this Time demanded Penny, Half-penny, nor Farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, *Alexander*, now, by my Troth, a very proper Man, and 'tis great Pity; hold, my Friend, there's all the Money I have about me, a Couple a Shillings, and God bleſs thee.

Flow. Now, God thank you, ſweet Lady; if you have any Friend, or Garden-houſe, where you may employ a poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command in all ſecret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you, good Friend, I prithee let me ſee that again I gave thee, there is one of them a Braſs Shilling; give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold. [*He gives it her.*
Now, out upon thee, Raſcal: Secret Service! what doſt thou make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt: Now I have my Money again, I'll ſee thee hang'd before I give thee thee a Penny. Secret Service! on, good *Alexander.* [*Exeunt* Ambo.

Flow.

Flow. This is villainous Luck, I perceive Diſhoneſty will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive me, Sir *Arthur* and Mr. *Oliver*, aforegod I'll ſpeak to them. God ſave you, Sir *Arthur:* God ſave you, Mr. *Oliver.*

Oli. Been you there, Zirrah, come will you taken your ſelves to your Tools, Coyſtrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr. *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you, Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doing, It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter: By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, Mezel? Whore is ſhe, Zirrah, ha?

Flow. By my troth, Mr. *Oliver*, ſick, very ſick; And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make forher, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is ſhe ſick? tell me true itch' viſe thee.

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: Mr. *Oliver*, if you would do me the ſmall kindneſs, but to lend me forty Shillings; So Gad help me, I will pay you ſo oon as my Ability ſhall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaiſt thy Wife is zick; hold, there's vorty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I ſhall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Arth. I'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewel zirrah; come, Sir *Arthur.*

[*Exeunt* Ambo.

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent: Five golden Angels compaſt in an Hour. If this Trade hold, I'll never ſeek a new: Welcome, ſweet Gold, and Beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Keſter*, if you can find the Houſe.

Flowr. Who's here my Uncle, and my Man *Keſter?*
By the Maſs, 'tis they.
How do you, Uncle, how doſt thou, *Keſter?*
By my troth, Uncle, you muſt needs lend
Me ſome Money, the poor Gentlewoman
My Wife, ſo Gad help me, is very ſick.
I was robb'd of the hundred Angels
You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, *Keſter*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear, good Uncle?

Unc. Out, Hypocrite, I will not hear thee ſpeak;
Come, leave him, *Keſter.*

Flow. Keſter, honeſt *Keſter.*

Fath. Sir, I have nought to ſay to you,
Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'ſt beſt
Lock't faſt, for there's a falſe Knave without.

Flow. You are an old lying Raſcal,
So you are. [*Exeunt* Ambo.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is the matter, vat be you, Yonker?

Flow. By this Light a *Dutch* Frow, they ſay theyare called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luc. Vat be you, Yonker, why do you not ſpeak?

Flow. By my troth, Sweet-heart, a poor Gentleman that would deſire of you, if it ſtand with your liking, the Bounty of your Purſe.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Father.*

Luce. O here God, ſo young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, Sweet-heart, I know not what you mean by that, but I am almoſt a Beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married Man, vere been your Wife.
Here is all I have take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young Frow? this is brave.

Fath. If he have any Grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why ſpeak you not, vere be your Vife?

Flow.

Flow. Dead, dead, ſhe's dead, 'tis ſhe hath undone me;
Spent me all I had, and kept Raſcals under my Noſe to brave me,

Luce. Did you uſe her vell?

Flow. Uſe her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *England* could be better uſed than I did her; I could but Coach her; her Diet ſtood me in forty Pound a Month, but ſhe is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not ſcone.

Fath. He is turn'd more Devil than he was before.

Flow. Thou doſt belong to Maſter *Civet* here, doſt thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate
But belongs to me, Gad's my Judge:
If I had ſuch a Wench as thou art,
There's never a Man in *England* would make more
Of her, than I would do, ſo ſhe had any Stock.
[*They call within.*
O why *Tanikin.*

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I ſhall come by and by again.

Flow. By this hand this *Dutch* Wench is in love with me.
Were is not admirable to make her ſteal
All *Civet*'s Plate, and run away?

Fath. 'Twere beaſtly. O Maſter *Flowerdale*,
Have you no fear of God, nor Conſcience?
What do you mean, by this vile courſe you take?

Flow. What do I mean? why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this ſort, fy upon the courſe,
Your Life doth ſhow, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy.

Flow. 'sNails, is there ſuch a Cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the talleſt Man in *England*, if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is

well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would, ſo I might.

Fath. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only Stealth in you?
Delia might hang ye now, did not her heart
Take pity of you for her Siſter's ſake.
Go get you hence, leſt lingring here you ſtay,
You fall into their hand you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, till the *Dutch* Frow comes,
If all the Devils in Hell were here. [*Exit Father.*

Enter Sir Lancelot, *Mr.* Weathercock, *and* Artichoak.

Lanc. Where is the Door? are we not paſt it, *Artichoak?*

Art. By the Maſs here's one.
I'll ask him: Do you hear, Sir? [way
What are you ſo proud? do you hear, which is the
To Mr. *Civet*'s houſe? what, will you not ſpeak?
O me, this is filching *Flowerdale.*

Lanc. O wonderful, is this leud Villain here?
O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purſe, Cony-catcher.
What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave?
A cozening Raſcal, that muſt make a Will,
Take on him that ſtrict Habit, very that:
When he ſhould turn to Angel, a dying Grace,
I'll Father-in-Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:
Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?
Poiſon'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head:
And to abuſe good Maſter *Weathercock*, with
His forg'd Will, and Maſter *Weathercock*,
To make my grounded Reſolution;
Then to abuſe the *Devonſhire* Gentleman:
Go, away with him to Priſon.

Flow. Wherefore to Priſon? Sir, I will not go.

Enter

Enter Maſter Civet, *his Wife*, Oliver, *Sir* Arthur, *young* Flowerdale's *Father, Uncle, and* Delia.

Lanc. O here's his Uncle:
Welcome, Gentlemen, welcome all:
Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too,
For any thing I know, my Daughter is miſſing,
Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.
Unc. He is my Kinſman, altho' his Life be vile,
Therefore, in God's Name, do with him what you will.
Lanc. Marry, to Priſon.
Flow. Wherefore to Priſon, Snick-up? I owe you nothing.
Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with him.
Flow. Go ſeek your Daughter, what do lay to my Charge?
Lan. Suſpicion of Murder, go away with him.
Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter!
Come, Uncle, I know you'll bail me.
Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Priſoner.
Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce *like a Frow.*

Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de Yonker done!
Weath. Woman, he hath killed his Wife.
Luce. His Wife! dat is not good, dat is not ſeen.
Lanc. Hang not upon him, Huſwife, if you do, I'll lay you by him.
Luce. Have me, no, and or Way do you leave him,
He tell me dat he love me heartily.
Fran. Lead away my Maid to Priſon! why *Tom*, will you ſuffer that?
Civ. No, by your leave, Father, ſhe is no Vagrant:
She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the Skin between any Man's Brows here.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools:
Son *Civet*, of my Life this is a Plot.
Some ſtragling Counterfeit proffer'd to you,
No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels:
I'll have you led away to Priſon, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither outlandiſh Frow,
Nor he, nor I ſhall to the Priſon go:
Know you me now? nay, never ſtand amaz'd.
Father, I know I have offended you,
And tho' that Duty wills me bend my Knees
To you in Duty and Obedience;
Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleneſs.

Lanc. Baſtard in Nature, kneel to ſuch a Slave?

Luce. O Maſter *Flowerdale*, if too much Grief
Have not ſtopt up the Organs of your Voice,
Then ſpeak to her that is thy faithful Wife,
Or doth Contempt of me thus tye thy Tongue?
Turn not away, I am no *Æthiope*,
No wanton *Creſſid*, nor a changing *Helen:*
But rather one made wretched by thy Loſs.
What turn'ſt thou ſtill from me? O then
I gueſs thee wofull'ſt among hapleſs Men.

Flow. I am indeed, Wife, Wonder among Wives!
Thy Chaſtity and Virtue hath infus'd
Another Soul in me, red with Defame,
For in my bluſhing Cheeks is ſeen my Shame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee truſt him not.

Luce. Not truſt him? ——— by the hopes of after Bliſs,
I know no Sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc. Well, ſince thou wert ordain'd to Beggary,
Follow thy Fortune, I defy thee.

Oli. Ywood che were ſo well ydouſſed as was ever white Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not made me weep.

Fath. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my Troth I muſt weep, I cannot chuſe.

Unc. None but a Beaſt would ſuch a Maid miſuſe.

Flow.

Flow. Content thy ſelf, I hope to win his Favour,
And to redeem my Reputation loſt:
And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beſeech you,
I hope your Eyes ſhall behold ſuch Change,
As ſhall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were ſplit now, but che believe him.

Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Matkins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd: and, Mr. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been ſo, hold there's vorty Pound toward your zetting up: what be not aſhamed, vang it, Man, vang it; be a good Huſband, loven to your Wife, And you ſhall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My Means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will inſtruct you in my ableſt Power:
But to your Wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown ſo kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to reſtore.

Oli. What, reſtore me no reſtorings, Man,
I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chill devie *London* elſe: What, do not think me A Mezel or a Scoundrel to throw away my Money? che have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spotation: I hope your Under and your Uncle will vollow my zamplas.

Unc. You have gueſs'd right of me, if he leave off this courſe of Life, he ſhall be mine Heir.

Lanc. But he ſhall never get a Groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful
Father, honeſt Gentleman,
That paſs'd the fearful Danger of the Sea,
To get him Living, and maintain him brave.

Weath. What, hath he kill'd his Futher?

Lanc. Ay, Sir, with conceit of his vile courſes.

Fath. Sir, you are miſinform'd. [ſelf.

Lanc. Why, thou old Knave: thou told'ſt me ſo thy

Fath.

Fath. I wrong'd him then:
And toward my Maſter's Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends.

Flow. No, *Keſter*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee more,
What thou in love gives, I in love reſtore.

Fran. Ha, ha, Siſter, there you plaid bo-peep with us: *Tom*, what ſhall I give her, toward Houſhold? Siſter *Delia*, ſhall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were beſt aſk your Huſband.

Fran. Shall I, *Tom?*

Civ. Ay, do, *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Fran. A ruſſet one, *Tom.*

Civ. Ay, with ruſſet Feathers,

Fran. Here, Siſter, there's my Fan toward Houſhold, to keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you, Siſter.

Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce*'s Stock, here's forty Shillings: And forty good Shillings more, I'll give her, marry. Come, Sir *Lancelot*, I muſt have you Friends.

Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit,
He will conſume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth?

Lanc. Had ſhe been married to an honeſt Man,
It had been better than a thouſand Pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond,
To make her Jointure better worth than three.

Lanc. Your Bond, Sir! why, what are you?

Fath. One, whoſe Word in *London*, tho' I ſay it,
Will paſs there for as much as yours.

Lanc. Wert not thou late that Unthrift's Serving-man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off:
Ne'er muſe Man, at this Metamorphoſie.

Lanc. Maſter *Flowerdale!*

Flow. My Father! O I ſhame to look on him.
Pardon, dear Father, the Follies that are paſt.

Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy Change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid,

Whom

Whom Heav'n hath ſent to thee to ſave thy Soul.

Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome from Death, good Mr. *Flowerdale*.
'Twas ſaid ſo here, 'twas ſaid ſo here good Faith.

Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be ſpread my ſelf.
Becauſe I'd ſee the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumſtance is needleſs:
And Sirrah, ſee you run no more into that ſame Diſeaſe:
For he that's once cur'd of that malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenneſs and Pride,
And falls again into the like diſtreſs,
That Fever is deadly, doth till death endure:
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.

Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the courſe as Hell.

Unc. Say it, and do it Couſin, all is well.

Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honeſt Man,
I take you to my favour, Brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my Heart: I ſee your Care
Hath brought theſe Acts to this Concluſion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feaſt.

Oli. Nay zoft you a while, you promis'd to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wiſeſt
Daughter, ſee which an's ſhe'll have.

Lanc. A God's Name ye have my good-will, get hers.

Oli. How ſay you then, Damſel?

Del. I, Sir, am yours.

Oli. Why, then ſend for a Vicar, and chill have it
Diſpatched in a trice, ſo chill.

Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.
But not to love as Wife, ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
Delia was buried, maſtried, but a Maid.

Arth. Do not condemn your ſelf for ever,
Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.

Oli. Why you ſay true, Sir *Arthur*, ſhe was ybore to it,
So well as her Mother; but I pray you ſhew us
Some Zamples or Reaſons why you will not marry?

Del.

Del. Not that I do condemn a married Life,
For 'tis, no doubt, a ſanctimonious Thing:
But for the Care and Croſſes of a Wife,
The Trouble in this World that Children bring,
My Vow's in Heav'n, in Earth to live alone;
Huſbands, howſoever good, I will have none.

Oli. Why then, chill live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a Vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a Vig
By me: Come, ſhall's go to Dinner?

Fath. To-morrow I crave your Companies in *Mark-lane:*
To-night we'll frolick in Mr. *Civet*'s Houſe,
And to each Health drink down a full Carouſe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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